(VI)

ROSINA,

A

COMIC OPERA,

as PERFORMED at

THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden;

Composed and Selected

BY

WILLIAM SHIELD.

Price 8s.

London *Printed for* Will^m Napier *Music seller to their* MAJESTIES, N^o 474, Strand.

G B. Cipriani *inv.*

F Bartolozzi *sculp.*

OVERTURE to ROSINA

Adapted as a Lesson for the

HARPSICHORD or PIANO FORTE

Allegro

m f

lr

f

lr

Oboes

p

f *mf* *f* *p*

Clarionets

Horns

Violins

mf *f*

Bafsoons

p

hr

Oboe Solo

Adagio

fempre Pia

sf *sf*

pp

pp

cres

ff

Flute

p

f

tutti

fu...ll Flute

p

f

Bassoon

p

ad lib itum

p

f

all' Ottava

small Flute

hr

f

p f p f

sf

ff

Flute

p

hr

Oboe

Allegro

Bassoons &c to imitate the Bagpipe

hr

ff

Sung by Miſs Harper M.rs Martyr and M.rs Kennedy.

Vio. 2.do

Care thou Canker

TRIO

Moderato

Viola

Baſſoon with the Voice

Roſina

f

When the ro___fy morn ap__pear__ing Paints with gold the

Pizzicatto

ver_dant lawn, Bees on banks of thyme dif_port__ing Sip the ſweets and hail the dawn.

Small flute

Flauto 2.do

Vio. 2do

small flute

Phœbe

Warbling birds the day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol ſweet the live--ly ſtrain, They for-ſake their

Ger. flute

William

lea--fy dwel ling, To ſe--cure the gol--den grain. See, content, the hum-ble gleaner,

Baſſoon

Take the ſcat-ter'd ears that fall, Na-ture all her Chil-dren viewing, Kind-ly bounteous cares for all.

Roſina

When the ro--ſy morn ap--pear--ing, Paints with gold the ver--dant lawn,

Phœbe

When the ro--ſy morn ap--pear--ing, Paints with gold the ver--dant lawn,

William

When the ro--ſy morn ap--pear--ing, Paints with gold the ver--dant lawn,

8

Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

Bees, on banks of thyme dif--port--ing, Sip the fweets and hail the dawn, Warbling birds, the

day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,

day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,

day proclaim--ing, Ca--rol fweet the live--ly ftrain, They for--fake their lea--fy dwelling,

To fe--cure the gol--den grain.

To fe--cure the gol--den grain.

To fe--cure the gol--den grain.

Sung by Mrs Martyr.

Shield

Allegretto

Phœbe

When William at eve meets me down at the ſtile, How ſweet is the Nightingale's ſong!

Flute

When William at eve meets me down at the ſtile, How ſweet is the Nightingale's ſong;

Flute

Of the day I forget all the la_bor and toil, Whilſt the Moon plays yon branches a_mong,

Adlibitum

Whilſt the Moon plays - Whilſt the Moon plays yon branches a_mong.

By her beams without bluſhing I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his ſong,
You know not how ſweet 'tis to love the dear ſwain,
Whilſt the Moon plays yon branches among.

Publiſhed by Permiſsion of
Mr. Paxton

Sung by Miſs Harper.

Paxton

Roſina

Plaintive

The morn returns in ſaf=fron dreſt, But not to ſad Ro -

Flute

- ſi - na reſt. The bluſhing morn a wakes the ſtrain A wakes the tune full choir, The bluſhing morn a wakes the ſtrain A

ſfor. ſfor. ſfor. ſfor. ſfor. ſfor.

wakes the tune full choir, But ſad Ro - ſi - na ne'er a gain ſhall ſtrike the ex=ul=ting Lyre.

NB. The above Air may be ſung as a Glee for 3 Voices

Vivace

See, ye Swains, yon ſtreaks of red, call you from your ſlothfull bed; late you till'd the fruitfull Soil; See, where Harveſt crowns your toil! As we reap the golden Corn, laughing Plenty fills her Horn; what would gilded Pomp a-vail ſhould the Peaſant's la--bor fail? ripen'd fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haſte a-way. bending ſee the wa-ving Grain crown the Year and chear the Swain.

2d time as Chorus

Chorus

Ripen'd fields your cares re-pay; Sons of labor haſte a-way. bending ſee the waving Grain crown the Year and chear the Swain.

Sung by Mr. Banister

Shield

Belville

Moderato

Her Mouth, which a ſmile, de-void of all guile, half o-pens to view, is the bud of the Roſe, is the bud of the Roſe, in the morning that blows, im-pearl'd with the dew; im-

cha

viola

pearl'd with the dew; the bud of the Roſe, im-pearl'd with the dew:

fine

More fragrant her breath than the flow'r-ſcented Heath, than the flow'r-ſcented Heath at the dawning of day, the

Clar.ts

Haw thorn in bloom, the Lil-ly's perfume, the Lil-ly's perfume, or the

Baſ.oon

tutti

Clar.ts

ad lib

bloſsoms of May

Horns

Her

§

al Segno

Shooting Song

Sung by Mr. Brett

Viol: 2°

All.° con Spirito

Horns

tutti

f

Clar.ts & Horns

Capn. Belvill

By

dawn to the downs we re--pair, with bosoms right jocund and gay, with bosoms right jocund and gay,

and gain more than Pheasant and Hare, gain health by the sports of the Day, and

Volti Subito

Clar:

Horn

gain more than Pheasant and Hare and gain more than Pheasant and Hare gain health

health by the sports of the Day gain health gain health by the sports of the Day

f

f

Viola

Mark! Mark! to the right hand pre- -

p

- -pare See DI-A- -NA the points see they rise see they floa- - - - - - - - - - - -

p

ff

Clar.

on the bo - fom of Air

See they float

p

on the bofom of Air.

f

Fire a - way!

Fire a - -

f

f

- - - way!

whilft loud Echo replies Fire a - - way!

Hark! the Vol - - ley re - -

f

- - founds to the Skies

whilft E - - - cho in Thun - - der re - - -

f

Volti Subito

plies Whilft Echo, Horn. Clar: Tutti. In Thunder, Horn

Drum

Clar: In Thun - - -

Dialogue Sung by Mrs Kennedy and Mrs Martyr

Shield

William

Allegretto

I've kiſs'd and I've prattled to fif=ty fair maids, And

chang'd em as often, d'ye ſee! I've kiſs'd and I've prattled to fif=ty fair maids. And chang'd em as often d'ye ſee. But of

all the fair maidens that dance on the green, the maid of the mill for me. the maid of the mill the maid of the mill the

maid of the mill for me.

Phœbe

2

Twice (There fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And called me the faireſt ſhe;
Twice (But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harrys the Lad for me.

William

3

Her Eyes are as black as the ſlow in the Hedge,
Twice Her face like the bloſſoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new ſhorn flock.
Her breath like the new made Hay.

4

He's tall and he's ſtrait as the poplar tree.
His cheeks are as freſh as a roſe;
Twice He looks like a ſquire of high degree
When dreſt in his Sunday cloaths.

Sung by Mifs Harper

Shield

Affettuoso

Rofina

Whilft with vil_lage Maids I ftray, Sweetly wears the joy_ous day,

Whilft with vil_lage Maids I ftray, Sweet_ly wears the joyous day, Chearful glows my art_leſs breaſt,

Mild con_tent the con_ſtant Gueſt: Chearful glows my art_leſs breaſt, Mild con__tent the

Ad libitum

con_ſtant Gueſt _____ the conſtant Gueſt.

Whilſt with vil_lage Maids I ſtray, ſweetly wears the joy--ous day, Chearful glows my art_leſs breaſt,

Mild con_tent the conſtant gueſt

(Col' expreſſione)

ſweetly ſweetly

sf

wears the joyous day, whilſt with vil_lage maids I ſtray, ſweetly ſweetly wears the joyous day the

hr

joyous day, the joy--ous day the joy_ous day, *p* ſweetly ſweetly wears the joyous day the

Cres

P

f

joy_ous day.

FINALE.

Sung by Mr. Baniſter. Mr. Brett. Mr. Davies.
Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Martyr and Miſs Harper.

Moderato

Belville

By this fountain's flow'ry ſide, dreſt in Na - ture's blooming Pride; where the Poplar trembles high, and the Bees in' cluſters fly; whilſt the Herdsman on the Hill, liſtens to the falling Rill; Pride and cru - el Scorn a - way, let us ſhare the feſtive day. Pride and cru - el Scorn away, let us

f

ſhare the feſtive day.

Rosina

Allegro

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Nature's Ho_liday; simple Nature, ye who prize, Life's fantastic forms despise.

Chorus

1st Treble

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na_ture's Ho_liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

2d Treble

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na_ture's Ho_liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

Bass

Taste our Pleasures ye who may, this is Na_ture's Ho_liday: Taste our Pleasures ye who may,

Basso

f

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

Glee

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

Volti Subito

Capt Belville

Moderato

Blufhing Bell, with downe ſt Eyes, ſighs, and knows not why ſhe ſighs; Tom is by her, we ſhall know; how he

William

eyes her! is't not ſo? He is fond, and ſhe is ſhy; He would kiſs her — fie! on, fie! mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and

by ſhe'll follow thee. mind thy Sickle, let her be, by and by ſhe'll follow thee.

f

Chorus

Buſy Cenſors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-ſy Cenſors hence a--way,

Buſy Cenſors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-ſy Cenſors hence a--way

Bu-ſy Cenſors hence away, this is Na-ture's Ho-li-day. Bu-ſy Cenſors hence away

f

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

Horns

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

Ruſtic

Now we'll quaff the nut-brown Ale, then we'll tell the ſportive Tale; all is Jeſt and all is Glee, all is

Phœbe

youthfull Jolli_ty. Lads and Laſſes all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance, Trip it lightly while you may, this is

Nature's Holiday. Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday. *f*

Volti Subito

Phœbe

Allegro

Lads and Lafses all advance, Carol blithe, and join the Dance; Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Holiday.

Chorus

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,

Trip it lightly while you may, this is Nature's Ho_li_day. Trip it lightly while you may,

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

this is Nature's Ho_li_day.

oboes

End of the firſt Act.

Sung by Miſs Harper

Rofina

Tenderly

Sweet Tranſports, gentle Wiſh-es go. In vain his Charms have gain'd my heart; Since For-tune, ſtill to Love a Foe, and cru-el Du-ty bid us part. ah! why does Du-ty chain the mind, and part thoſe Souls which Love has join'd! ſweet Tranſports gentle Wiſh-es go! in vain his Charms have gain'd my Heart; ah! why does Du-ty chain the mind, and part thoſe Souls which Love has join'd.

Publiſhed by Permiſsion of
Mr. Bremner

Sung by Mrs. Martyr

Sacchini

Vio. 2d

Andantino

p

Phœbe

Hen--ry cull'd the flow--rets bloom, .. Marian lov'd the

ſoft per---fume, Marian lov'd the ſoft per---fume, Had play--ful kiſt but

pru---dence near whif--per'd time-ly in her ear, fim---ple Marian

ah! be ware Touch them not for love-- is there: touch them not for love-- is

f p f p f p f p

there touch-- them not touch them not for love-- is there.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy

Scots Tune

Moderato

Baffoon

When bid-den to the wake of fair, the Joy of each free heart-ed fwain, 'till Phœ--be promif'd to be there I loi--ter'd laft of all the train. if chance fome fair-ing caught her eye, the rib--bon gay or fil--ken glove! with ea--ger hafte I ran to buy, for what is gold com-par'd to love.

William

Baffoon

2

My poſy on her boſom plac'd,
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſents move:
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain,
And gold, alas! has baniſhed love.

DUET

Sung by M^rs. Kennedy and M^rs. Martyr

Shield

Allegro non molto

In gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim, But peace is in the vale. In gaudy courts, with aching hearts, the great at fortune rail, the hills may higher honours claim, But peace is in the vale.

twice

See high born dames, in rooms of state,
With midnight revels pale.
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.

Phœbe

A. -mid the ſhades the Virgins ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So they that will may take the hill. Since

William

A. -mid the ſhades the Virgins ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: Since

love is in the vale. A. . -mid the ſhades the Virgin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So

love is in the vale. A. . -mid the ſhades the Virgin ſighs Add fragrance to the gale: So

Now Both Tenor.

they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale.

they that will may take the hill, Since Love is in the vale.

Sung by Mr. Bannister

Ballad

Shield

Tenderly

Oboe

tutti

Bafsoon

Belville

Eve bright Ro--fi-na met my eyes, how peaceful paft the joyous day! In rural

fports I gain'd the prize, each Virgin liften'd to my lay: But now no more I touch the

lyre, No more the ruftic fport can pleafe, I live the flave of fond de--fire, loft to my-

with expreſsion

Sy

-felf, to mirth and eaſe.

2

The tree, which in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blaſted by the lightnings pow'r,
Nor charms the Eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.
The tree, which in &c.

The Accompanyment is for a Forte-Piano, Harp, or Harpſichord.

Sung by Miſs Harper

Oboe

Allegro

Shield

Baſſoon

Horn

Roſina

Light as thiſtle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra_ti_tudes debt to this

Cot__tage I bear: Of Autumn's rich ſtore I bring home my part, The

weight on my head but gay joy in my heart

1st Horn

2d Horn

Light as

thiftle down moving which floats on the air, Sweet gra--ti---tudes debt to this

Cot-tage I bear, Of Autumn's rich ftore ---------- I bring home my part ---------- The

Horns

Oboes

weight on my head ------- but gay joy in my heart ---------- the weight on my head but gay

Violins

Baffoons

tutti

joy in my heart, the weight on my head but gay joy in my heart, gay

joy in my heart gay joy in my heart.

DUETT

Sung by Mr Bannister and Miss Harper

Shield

Seciliano col' Expresione

Flus

Belville

For you my sweet Maid, nay be not afraid, I

Rosina

feel an af..fec.tion which yet wants a name when first-but in vain – I seek to ex--plain, what heart but must love you? I

Flutes

blush fear and shame

Belville

why thus ti--mid, Ro-si--na? Still safe by my side, let

Rosina

me be your guardian Protec-tor and guide, my ti-mid heart pants still safe by your side, be you my protec-tor, my guardian my guide.

Rosina

1st Flute

my ti-mid heart pants still safe by your side be you my pro-tec-tor my guardian my guide.

Bilville

2d Flute

why thus ti-mid Ro-si-na still safe by your side let me be your Guardian pro-tec-tor and guide.

Sung by Mr. Bannister

Bafsoon

Scots Tune.

Affettuoso

Belville

How bleft my fair, who on thy face unchecked by fear may fondly gaze; who when he breathes the tender figh, beholds no anger in thine eye! Ah! then, what joys await the fwain who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain; whofe voice with rapture all divine, fecure may fay this heart is mine?!

Finale

French Tune

Sung by Mr. Baniſter, Mr. Preti, Mr. Davies,
Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Martyr and Miſs Harper.

Allegro

Belville

To bleſs to bleſs and be

Capt: Belville

bleſt be ours, what-e'er our rank, what-e'er her pow'rs, On ſome her gifts kind Fortune ſhow'rs who reap like us in this glad ſcene: Yet

Choru

thoſe who taſte her bounty leſs, the ſigh. ma-le-volent repreſs, and loud the feeling boſom bleſs, which ſomething leaves for Want to glean. yet

thoſe who taſte her bounty leſs, the ſigh. ma-le-vo-lent repreſs, and loud the feeling boſom bleſs. which ſomething leaves for

Want to glean.

Rofina

How bleft am I! fu-premely bleft fince Belville all his Soul expreft, and fondly claſp'd me to his breaſt; I

now may reap, how chang'd the Scene! but ne'er can I for-get the day, when all to want and woe a prey, ſoft

Chorus

Pity taught his Soul to ſay "Un-feeling Ruſ-tic let her glean." But ne'er can I for-get the day, when

all to want and woe a prey, ſoft Pity taught his Soul to ſay "Un-feeling Ruſ-tic let her glean."

Ruſtic

Dorcas

The Hearts you glad, your own diſplay, the heav'ns ſuch good-neſs

William

Phœbe

muſt repay, and bleſt thro' many a ſummer's day, full Crops you'll reap in this rich ſcene.

without Accompaniments

Rofina & Phœbe

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

Captain & William

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

Belville & Ruſtic

And O! when Summer's joys are o'er, and Au - tumn yields its Fruits no more, new

General Chorus

bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean. And

bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.

bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.

ff

O! when Summer's joys re o'er, and Autumn yields its Fruits no more, new bleſsings be there yet in ſtore for

Winter's ſo - ber hours to glean.

Finis